

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE IMAGE OF THE EARTHLY AND THE IMAGE OF THE HEAVENLY.

I.

Oh, mean may seem this house of clay,—
Yet 'twas the Lord's abode;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Emmanuel trod.

This fleshly robe the Lord did wear,
This watch the Lord did keep,
These burdens sore the Lord did bear,
These tears the Lord did weep.

This world the Master overcame,
This death the Lord did die;
O vanquished world! O glorious shame!
O hallowed agony!

O vale of tears, no longer sad,
Wherein the Lord did dwell!
O holy robe of flesh that clad
Our own Emmanuel!

Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of heaven,—
To every grief, to every tear,
Such glory strange is given.

II.

'Tis not this fleshly robe alone,
Shall link us, Lord, to thee;
Not always in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kindred be.

Thou to our woe who down didst come,
Who one with us wouldst be,
Wilt lift us to thy heavenly home,
Wilt make us one with thee.

Our earthly garments thou hast worn,
And we thy robes shall wear;
Our mortal burdens thou hast borne,
And we thy bliss may bear!

O mighty grace, our life to live,
To make our earth divine!
O mighty grace, thy heaven to give,
And lift our life to thine!

Oh, strange the gifts, and marvellous,
By thee received and given!
Thou tookedst woe and death from us,
And we receive thy heaven!

—*T. H. Gill.*

KNOWING AND DOING.

"If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye
do them."—JOHN xiii. 17.

Genuine Christianity is always doing
something. It is productive. It is known
by its fruits. Where it exists, though
only as a grain of mustard-seed, it works
mightily. Its completeness is its working
power. It is not really Christianity, but
only the promise or the prophecy or the
germ of Christianity, until it compels us
to action, becomes a law of life and
growth, wills, speaks, plans, labors, runs.
To the messengers from the imprisoned
and perplexed, if not disheartened, John
Baptist, Jesus said, holding no argument,
but only calling their attention to facts,
"Go and tell John what things ye have
seen and heard; how that the blind see,
the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed,
the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the
poor the gospel is preached." Christian
faith always works; and so ends the con-
troversy about faith and works.

We want, then, always and everywhere
a practical Christianity,—a religion which

is in daily, hourly use. And it needs no argument to show that for man and for human society there can be no blessing so great as an increase of a really working Christian faith. Let us see if in any way we can make our religion more Christian by making it more practical.

We want to be growing and working; we want to see about us the kingdom of heaven which is in our hearts. We want to be up and doing in every good work. We justly commend this adjective "practical," and say perhaps that it is one of the encouraging signs of the day and of our own fresher civilization, that we ask for works. And yet we must be on our guard at the outset against a narrow understanding and use of this word "practical."

"If ye *know* these things." It is not practical to go to work in ignorance; it is not practical to go to work without tools; it is not practical to dispense with motive power and to rely upon your muscles, when the breath of heaven would swell the sail. There are many good people in our day who think to be practical by neglecting the means and helps and inspirations of our religion. They go to work, so far as that is possible, as if Jesus had not come into the world bringing a new life of prayer, a new communion before God in worship, a new beauty of holiness in word and work, which as surely quickens and refreshes as the sun warms and gladdens. It is an eminently practical thing to "*know these things*," and in the way of experience.

The working men and women and churches of Christendom are always possessed and warmed by great positive Christian convictions. They have a Christianity in their minds and hearts, pressing to be applied; they search the Scriptures; they pray to God; they throng their houses of prayer; they are in the Spirit on the Lord's Day; there is a glow of enthusiasm about them; they are strong and hopeful because they are feeding upon Christianity, and not upon their own hearts.

So much, lest in a time when everything runs so much to the surface, we should be misled into any narrow notions of what is practical. But now let me make haste to say that however old and remote our religion may be in its records and examples, and however much it may seem to detain us in the retreats of study and devotion, it is altogether a thing of to-day and of the world we live in,

through the unceasing and most blessed work to which it instantly summons us. To "*know these things*," in any true sense, is to begin to find your happiness in *doing* them; and the work done will be most various, as gifts and opportunities and circumstances vary; but work of some kind—costly work, useful work, work that will tell upon the world—there will always be. All Christians will not work in the same way, but they will all work in *some way*; and their Christianity must be measured by the working power there is in it. A genuine Christianity will always fasten upon the thing to be done, and turn all its energies that way.

See how it works for the creation of character. In some happier season we are brought into some strong Christian convictions and emotions: we believe; and I say that if our faith is real, it is a faith by which, sooner or later, with more or less struggle, we must live; and the new life will be a very different life from the old one. The Christianity that has somehow got possession is engaged from the first moment of its entrance to drive out or to reform every evil thing. It is not merely that we are to say our prayers, read our Bibles, come to church and to communion as we did not before; we are to be different persons, new men and women, in whatsoever there was need of renewal.

One word more. "Happy are ye if ye do them"; for the only way to keep our Christianity is to use our Christianity. Lay it up in a napkin, however reverently, and God will presently take it away from us. It lives only as hearts are opened wide to receive it, that out of the heart's abundance it may go forth to bless. The word which is only heard, and plays about the ear of the soul a pleasant sound, is but the wayside seed, at the mercy of any soaring and vain thoughts,—what the Saviour images as birds of the air. Christianity shone forth divinely beautiful in the lives of men and women before it was written down in any Gospels or Epistles. Happy are they who keep bright this light of life from age to age! They reveal to us in the graces of their living, and in all the fruits of the Spirit, the Christ who is not only of yesterday, but to-day and forever.

Know the Truth. Know it as it burns in the heart, as it quickens and instructs the conscience, as it arraigns the life. Know it as a thing to be *done*.—*Rufus Ellis.*

THE STILL HOUR.

If there be some weaker one,
 Give me strength to help him on;
 If a blinder soul there be,
 Let me guide him nearer Thee.
 Make my mortal dreams come true
 With the work I fain would do;
 Clothe with life the weak intent;
 Let me be the thing I meant;
 Let me find, in Thine employ,
 Peace that dearer is than joy.

—J. G. Whittier.

I do not say you can make yourself merry and happy when you are in a physical condition which is contrary to such mental condition; but by practice and effort you can learn to withdraw from it, refusing to allow your judgment and your actions to be ruled by it. "What does that matter?" you will learn to say. "It is enough for me to know that the sun does shine, and that this is only a weary fog that is round about me for a moment. I shall presently come out into the light beyond." This is faith,—faith in God Who is Light.—George Macdonald.

Give us, oh give us the man who sings at his work. Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time, he will do it better, he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue while he marches to music. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, past calculation its power of endurance.—Thomas Carlyle.

No man can choose what coming hours may bring
 To him of need, of joy or suffering;
 But what his soul shall bring unto each hour
 To meet its challenge,—this is in his power.

—Priscilla Leonard.

May God give us grace and faith and courage and ambition always to be ready to pass on and up to higher kinds of life, to new kingdoms of heaven, as He shall open them to us forever!—Phillips Brooks.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass. Tel. Quincy 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. Sarah Gilbert, Atlantic, Iowa, is now at 805 Elm Street, instead of 402 Olive Street.

OFFERS.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 36 Lancaster Street, Cambridge 40, Mass. "Life of Sir Walter Scott," Richard H. Hutton; "Life of Edmund Spenser," R. W. Church; "Life of Oliver Goldsmith," William Black; "Life of Lord Byron," John Nichol; "Life of John Bunyan," James A. Froude; "Life of Hawthorne," Henry James, Jr.; "Life of William Cowper," G. Smith; "Study of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," Lilian Whiting; "Study of George Eliot," Mathilde Blind; "The Queen of the Air," Ruskin; "The Pathfinder, or The Inland Sea," J. Fenimore Cooper; "Korea and Her Neighbors," Isabella B. Bishop; "Histoire de la Littérature française" (in French), Demogéot; "Idylls of the King," Lord Tennyson; "Three Books of Song" (1 vol.), Longfellow; "Lucile," Owen Meredith; "Essays on Addison and Milton," Macaulay; "New Testament and Psalms"; "Psalms and Hymns" (without music); School books and other books for children.

The Medfield Branch offers the following. Address Mrs. Frank E. Day, Medfield, Mass. "Bodleys Afoot," "Bodleys on Wheels," Scudder; "Mémorial of Fleeming Jenkin," Stevenson; "Story of a Child," "John Ward, Preacher," Deland; "Jo's Boys," Alcott; "The Free Lances," "No Quarter," Capt. Mayne Reid; "Nautilus," "Narcissa, or In Verona," Richards; "The Bennett Twins," Hurd; "Timothy's Quest," Wiggin; "How to Train in Archery," Thompson; "The Barberry Bush, and Eight Other Stories," "Guernsey Lily," "A New Year's Bargain," Coolidge; "Only Ten Cents," Alden; "Live Oak Boys," "Mission of Black Rifle," Kellogg; "Deserted Village," Goldsmith; "Last Leaf,"

Holmes; "Adventures of a Brownie," Muloch; "Half Year at Bronckton," "Who Told it to Me," "So as by Fire," "What the Seven Did," Sidney; "Sherburne Cousins," "Sherburne House," Douglas; "Sweet William," Bowers; "King of the Park," Sounders; "Mary 'n' Mary," Foster; "The Wouldbegoods," E. Nesbit; "Tom Sawyer Abroad," Clemens (Mark Twain); "The Hanging of the Crane," Longfellow; "Hope Benham," Nora Perry; "The Isle of Palms," Newell; "The Stooping Lady," Hewlett; "Nan at Camp Chicopee," "Nan in the City," Hamlin; *The Dayspring* (children's paper), 1872 and 1876; "Princess Polly's Playmates," Amy Brooks; "The Romance of Zion Chapel," Richard Le Gallienne; "Robinson Crusoe," Defoe; "Against Heavy Odds," Boyesen; "Juan and Juanita," F. C. Baylor; "Swiss Stories," Lucy Wheelock; "Miss Dewberry's Scholars," Sangster; "Cashel Byron's Profession," Bernard Shaw; "The John Spicer Lectures," "The William Henry Letters," Diaz; "Miss Eyre from Boston, and Others," Moulton; "The Weathercock," Fenn; "Gypsy Breynton," Phelps; "Stepping Heavenward," Prentiss; "A Flat Iron for a Farthing," "A Great Emergency, and Other Tales," Ewing; "Songs of Nature," poems illustrated by T. Moran, Miss Hallock, Church, Fenn, Parsons, Kensett, Johnson, Bolles, etc., etc.; "The Chezzles," Lucy G. Morse; "The King's Daughter," Pansy; "The Canon in Residence," Whitechurch; "True to His Home," Butterworth; "Old-Time Child-Life," E. H. Arr; "Herald Sermons" (second series), Hepworth.

REQUESTS.

1. Mrs. Nell Carlton, Boomer, North Carolina, would be glad to receive any good reading matter, especially current issues of *Good Housekeeping*, *Delineator*, and *Ladies' World*.

2. I should like to thank every one through *The Cheerful Letter* who has been so kind as to send me reading and patchwork pieces; and I shall still appreciate such reading and pieces. I now have three small children who would be glad to be remembered, as would also my aged mother. Mrs. C. A. Vaughn, Athens, Tennessee, Route 8.

3. I am a new member of the Cheerful Letter Exchange and feel much interested

in it. I should like to have you send me "The Betrothed" and the Complete Works of Shakespeare. Your kindness will be very much appreciated. Mrs. M. E. Clyde, 324 First Street, Portland, Oregon.

4. Mrs. O. A. Davis, Sidney, Texas, asks for reading and scrap-books for six children aged from three to thirteen years.

5. Miss Irene Purcell, Spencer, Virginia, Route 3, Box 17, a girl of thirteen, asks for reading for herself and two older brothers; also cards and pictures for the little ones.

6. Mrs. Samuel McCrechard, Whittle's Depot, Virginia, R. F. D., asks for reading and scraps. Her husband is now confined to the bed, and little Aretta, the eleven-year-old daughter, is still very delicate.

7. I am writing to *The Cheerful Letter* for the first time. I am a little country girl with one sister and three brothers. I should be glad if some one would send me a story-book and cards. I should also like some pieces suitable for making doll-dresses, with bits of ribbon. Mary E. Gilbert, Sandidges, Virginia, Box 34.

8. I have just put in my subscription to *The Cheerful Letter*. I should be very thankful to receive some scraps of any kind for my quilt, and should appreciate some good books; also little picture-books for my boy who is going on three years old and loves to look at pictures. He is my only one, and this is a lonely place. We live right outside of Fort Mott, and it is all farms around here. Mrs. J. J. Becker, Salem, New Jersey, Route 4, Box 42.

9. I should like so much to have the *Pictorial Review* or *Saturday Evening Post*, current numbers. Last year's *Pictorial Review* would do; but not the *Post*, as we took it last year. Our son-in-law died last month of pneumonia, and our daughter and her two children are living with us. The little girl is ten, the little boy two years old. My health is very poor; I have heart trouble and cannot get around much. My flowers and books and chickens are my only recreations. I should love to have some detective or mystery stories. I find them interesting. I wish, also, some one would send

my little grand-daughter *St. Nicholas*. And I myself would love a good geography. Mrs. Cora A. Hoskinson, Three Rivers, Michigan.

10. Mrs. A. F. Warren, Mineral Wells, Texas, writes: "We are poor farmers and can't get reading. We have a large family and shall appreciate any reading sent."

11. It has been a long time since I have asked for reading matter through *The Cheerful Letter*. I want to thank the good ladies that sent me reading. I couldn't write to them all. My health is not much improved. I want to have a Sunday-school this summer and should like to get some help. I need a Teachers' Bible, also any good literature I can get. My little children love cards and books. Post-cards that have already been used would be appreciated. I should like to receive letters from good Christian ladies in regard to raising children. Mrs. C. D. Smith, Campbell, North Carolina.

12. I should be pleased to have any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends send me any of the following books: "Anna Karénina," Tolstoi; "With Fire and Sword," Henryk Sienkiewicz; "Père Goriot," Balzac; "Treasure Island," Stevenson. Frederick W. Keene, 501 Cleveland Street, Raleigh, North Carolina.

13. Mrs. Mary J. Bond, Boyd, Texas, Route 1, says: "I have five children, four of them old enough to go to school, and a little baby three months old." I should be glad and thankful as I know how to be for books. I sure do enjoy my *Cheerful Letters*."

14. Mrs. Fay Austin, Peachland, North Carolina, says: "I am a lover of books and don't get many to read. I have four little children and should be glad of anything for them to read."

15. Mrs. Paul B. Rucker, Amherst, Virginia, writes: "Many school-children come to me for books. I should be so thankful to you if you would select books to be instructive as well as interesting to both young and older persons. I am old and nearly always sick, but love to do all I can to give pleasure to others. I love to read, myself, too. I have been shut in all the winter."

16. Mildred Martin, a little girl of thirteen, living in a lonely neighborhood with little opportunity for school and no church privilege, needs our cheer, her father not living and mother in poor health. She, the oldest of four children, asks for a little correspondent. Address Stella, Virginia.

17. In response to a recent offer of books, J. R. Maness of McConnell, North Carolina, writes: "Please do the very best you can to send me some books. I have ten children, including three grown girls, and there is an eighteen-year-old boy here with us. We live in a very isolated community where there is practically nothing to read. You can imagine how hungry we are for reading. If you could send a box of books by freight I should be glad to pay the freight charges. Old school-books for all grades up to the eleventh will be highly appreciated. We shall prize the books just as much as if they were new. Please do the best you can for me and my people."

18. Mrs. Tom Hancock, 308 High Street, Cheraw, South Carolina, will be glad to have *McCall's Magazine* or *Delineator*.

19. I should like to receive "St. Elmo," *McCall's Magazine*, *Modern Priscilla*, or any other good book or magazine. For reference I give J. B. Roberson, Dodson, Virginia. Lessie Turner, Dodson, Virginia, Box 10.

20. Mrs. W. R. Hudson, Pleasant View, Virginia, will be glad of magazines, especially *Ladies' Home Journal*.

21. Mrs. Flora Helms, Marshville, North Carolina, Route 4, is grateful for past kindness. She says she has not had any reading in a long time and would like very much to receive a dictionary, "The Cricket on the Hearth," or anything suitable for boys and girls to read. She passes books on to those who care for them, or puts them in the school library.

22. I wish to thank every one who so kindly sent me good reading, also other tokens, through *The Cheerful Letter*. I have been sick right much this winter, and everything you sent was greatly appreciated through the long winter days. I ask to be remembered, please, on my birthday, which will be the twenty-ninth

of April. I suppose some of the good friends that sent me cards before remember the date. I shall be eleven years of age on that date and wish to receive a shower of cards. I should like very much to have you send pieces for patchwork and ribbons for myself and two younger sisters. I should also like to have any kind of good reading suitable for my little sisters Evelyn and Helen, aged eight and five years. Winifred A. Trevey, Snowden, Virginia.

23. I am a married woman and have a baby boy ten months old. My husband is very fond of reading and would be glad to get some good-reading papers. We all had the "flu" about a year ago and we have not been feeling well since. There are times I can hardly sit up, but I have to work all I can; we are very poor people and have to work many times when we can hardly drag. My friends have told me how they have had help, cheer, and comfort given them by the Cheerful Letter people. Mrs. G. A. Bonner, Big Spring, Tennessee, R. D. 2 B.

24. I am a widow left with five small children and should be glad to receive reading for myself and children, as I am not able to buy reading. Anything will be received with thanks and will be passed on to others to read. Should like to have cards for my baby boy, as I have to keep him shut up in the house most of the time. As I sew for a living I don't have time to amuse him, and he gets so lonely. I hope you will print this so I may get a correspondent. Letters would cheer me so. My life is lonely since my husband died two years ago. Mrs. Watt-Burris, 430 Webb Street, Albemarle, North Carolina.

25. Mrs. Grace Hancock, Ansonville, North Carolina, expresses full appreciation for the tokens of good-will and asks for quilt pieces for her little girl and reading for herself.

26. I should be glad to receive any good books, scrap-pieces suitable for making doll-clothes, and cards for the younger children. Miss Isabel R. Maddox, Naola, Virginia.

27. Mrs. E. N. Wright, 515 Tenth Avenue, S.E., Roanoke, Virginia (formerly of Dodson), is very lonely and depressed by

the death of her two infants, and any sympathy will be fully appreciated.

28. Mrs. S. S. Carlton, Boomer, North Carolina, will greatly appreciate books, magazines any kind, or scraps for patchwork.

29. Benjamin F. Capps, Hendersonville, North Carolina, Route 1, Box 112, asks for "Outlines of Universal History" and Shakespeare's Works.

30. From Stuart, Virginia, comes a note from Mrs. H. C. Wright, saying she has three little ones and can seldom get to church and would be glad of books or papers.

31. A dear friend told me of the work of the Cheerful Letter Book Club. I live on a farm; have two little children, a boy and a girl. My little boy's name is Wyatt, and he will be three years old the fourth day of July. The girl's name is Mary Lois, and she will be one year old the eighth day of April. I should like very much to become a reader of *The Cheerful Letter*. I should also be glad to get the *Needlecraft* magazine. Mrs. Alpha Priddy, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina, Route 1.

32. Mrs. Earl A. Davis, Tolar, Hood County, Texas, Route 2, Box 50, sends words of appreciation for reading matter; also scrap-books and pictures for the little fellows, which they have enjoyed and then passed on to others who have appreciated the same. She says she would enjoy the *Youth's Companion* if any one can send it, and "Scouting with Kit Carson," "Black Feet Indian Stories," or other books of adventure and standard fiction.

33. I am an ex-service man who finds it difficult to make ends meet, so I cannot afford magazines. If some would kindly supply *Adventure* magazine and *Popular Mechanics* they would be much appreciated. Joel P. Johnson, Bristol, South Dakota.

34. Mrs. C. W. Lackey, Elamsville, Virginia, will appreciate magazines and quilt pieces.

35. Mrs. John L. Wood, Dodson, Virginia, a new member, has two little girls, the older of whom (ten years) loves to read. Can some one send the *Beacon*? and cards to the other child?

36. Mrs. Bettie Hundley, Stuart, Virginia, Route 5, asks for magazines for herself, husband, and young grandson; also quilt scraps for herself.

37. I am a shut-in and have been for a good many years, and I do love to read. I should like to receive the *Ladies' Home Companion* or the *Modern Priscilla* after they have been read. I have two small grandchildren, aged eleven and thirteen, who would enjoy some good story-books. Mrs. C. E. Phillips, Pleasant View, Virginia.

38. Mrs. Katherine Hensley, Martinsville, Va., writes: "My name appeared in *The Cheerful Letter*, and I received two books, 'The Red Cardinal' and 'The Magic Cloak'; but as no names appeared on the parcels I could not send my thanks for them."

39. S. W. James, Warrensville, North Carolina, needs a Teachers' Bible and will be glad if some one can supply it.

40. Della Brown, Shamrock, Texas, Route 1, writing to ask for certain offered books, says: "I will tell you a little about Texas. It is mostly plains. There are lots of ranches out here and also farms. We live on a farm of one section; we raise cotton, maize, cane, and kaffir corn. I have been going to school; I was fifteen on Monday. I am a lover of flowers. I wish I could visit the New England States. What do you do for pastimes up there? I crochet, tat, and help mama in the house. I love to go horseback-riding. We have lots of sand-storms out here. Papa says he is going to Arizona, but I don't want to leave here, it is such a pretty country. I help mama raise the chickens, and can do most anything on the farm."

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

A TALK ABOUT MANNERS.

Over the gateway of an ancient school in England is carved this motto: "Manners Mayketh Man." An extreme statement that, but deeply true. It is a challenge to those rough-shod folk who brutally declare that, so long as you are honest with yourself inside, it matters not how you behave. It is not enough to be honest. We must be gentle, too.

Good manners issue from thinking lowly of yourself and highly of others. They become automatic. The less planning behind them, the more effective they are. *Mannerisms* are degenerate peculiarities. They are either obnoxious or ridiculous. If I speak to boys and girls somewhat plainly against mannerisms, if as you read this paper you smilingly think of the mannerisms of your friends, consider well lest you do not deserve the censure, too! It is easy in youth to overcome disagreeable personal traits. When you are older you will find it very hard. Therefore, you who are under twenty, encourage in yourself now those considerate manners that will make you welcome in a group of friends, that will bring you as a balm into any emergency, that will never make your usefulness ineffective by reason of a bad personal trait. And early learn ruthlessly to eradicate those mannerisms that make us a sorry trial constantly with the family, and wherever we go.

I met Mr. Roosevelt just once. It was in a very crowded room, with multitudes jostling about him. His handclasp was a warm, individual greeting. He met numberless men, but always the contact was personally intense. Have you ever met just the opposite kind of person? That kind is never wholly with you. He has a restless eye, his glance shifts from your eye to a point somewhere over your right shoulder; and while his voice addresses you, his eye and the mind are roving far afield. Better give all of yourself for one minute than part of yourself for ten.

Manners of the hand concern principally the handshake. What a wonderful human contrivance handshaking is! When you shake hands, always look your friend in the eye. Hold out your hand in a hearty, hospitable fashion, take the other's palm in a firm grasp and look the other kindly in the eye. That is the first position. Only one more rule need be noted. Let your grasp be firm but not too muscular. Avoid both the flabby and the fighting handshake.

All twiddling, all unconscious little manual gestures, all foot-swinging—those mannerisms are nothing but bad. If you find yourself twisting off the buttons from your coat, ask the family to fine you. It not only increases your mother's mending, it means an ineffective habit in yourself. In a family of boys there was once a printed rule: "Don't Drum." This was to prevent nervous little finger habits at the

desk, while you were sitting idly, principally perhaps at the table. To swing your foot seems trifling now, but suppose when you are fifty you have acquired an unconscious habit and cannot sit without swinging your foot? Will that make you a restful companion? All those habits should become a matter of frank and fearless smiling criticism in any wholesome family. If you are touchy, if you have that most dreadful thing, a sensitive disposition, of course no one will correct you, and you will become a bundle of disagreeable or disgusting traits.

There is much to say about manners of the tongue. Mumbling and shouting are both bad manners. Some whole families have their voices pitched at an unfortunately high key. You hear them discussing trifling domestic points while passing the house across the street. No wonder such people go to bed tired—it is because they have spent so much energy in a quite useless projecting of the voice. Being so “high in the wind” marks neither a lady nor a gentleman.

Conversation requires two people. The boy who expects to be listened to must plan as attentively to listen, too. The art of listening is rare even in good society. Clever people are too likely to be thinking what they will say next in reply, and impatient people far too often interrupt.

But we must hasten on to the manners of the body. No one is obliged to shuffle about in a “meaching,” disappointed frame of body and frame of mind. Your very posture at breakfast can start the whole family, it may be, on the wrong road of dejection or “cantankerousness.” By your jaunty, vital bearing, by the springiness in your toes, by the swing of your shoulders, you can introduce a sense of well-being, a notion that it is good to be alive.

Instead of saying “Stand up straight!” say to yourself, “Be tall!” This is another way of forcing ourselves to carry the body in an erect, graceful manner. Still another dictum leading to the same result is the phrase, “Look your height.” These commands to yourself insure powerful and graceful posture, and posture is vital all the way from greeting friends in the parlor to commanding armies in the field.

I have often reminded boys in school that the pocket-handkerchief should, so far as possible, while we are in company,

remain a *pocket-handkerchief*. The evident satisfaction that some people take in blowing their noses in public shows a lamentable want of early training. Whatever calls attention to the person, in these particulars, is an evidence of that thoughtlessness of others’ comfort, that disregard for general propriety, which issues in bad manners. Let every one remember that, unless he has a cold in his head or a sudden nose-bleed, he should use his pocket-handkerchief when he is alone. And there is another habit that you must not mind my mentioning. It is the mannerism of gently sniffing or snuffling about once every minute. The habit becomes unconscious to the snuffler, but, oh, how painfully conscious are all his friends or her friends.

Still another point connected with manners of the face I fain would pass over, but it were better to boldly state it. Tomorrow when you are at school look about you. Perhaps there will be thirty young people there. Count how many have their hands to their faces, either rubbing or pinching or scratching or pushing their faces. Now that is a disagreeable habit. It should be painstakingly avoided. Learn to sit with your hands reposefully in your lap; get power through repose. Develop a quiet, unconscious poise. Learn to sit in a rocking-chair without rocking, to be at rest without wriggling, to be thoughtful without scowling. All those habits somehow work inward. Just as the able mind frequently shows itself in the alert body, so the reposeful body carries its weight of repose into the mind and bids it be still.

After all, what is the gentleman but a burden-bearer—he who would carry at least part of the world on his broad and willing shoulders? The gentleman is one who carries burdens and who stands up straight and smiles beneath them. Our manners spring from the pure, unselfish source of thoughtfulness. Let ours be the ambition never consciously to inflict pain, never to make any one feel abashed, never to do a physically repulsive thing. What a shame if our usefulness be disqualified because of our mannerisms! What a pity if the good that is in us be disbelieved because of boorish manners! However successful and effective we may desire to be, let us never be too hurried to be courteous.—*Samuel S. Drury, in the Youth's Companion.*

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

MARK ANTONY AT CÆSAR'S FUNERAL.

The dramas written in English by the poet Shakespeare four hundred years ago are to-day eagerly read in many different languages, by people of many nations, all around the world. One of the most famous of all the Shakespearean tragedies shows us the great Roman soldier and statesman, Julius Cæsar, and certain other noble Romans, whose lives were closely associated with his. In Cæsar's day practically the whole of the civilized world had come under that one man's leadership. It was shortly before the birth of Jesus Christ in Palestine.

A man with keen mental ability, with the power to look ahead, a man who can lead and command and make things move his way, so as to shape the world's affairs into something different from what they ever were before,—such a man is always a fascinating figure for the rest of us to study. Such a man Cæsar was.

He believed in making one man (himself) the controlling power in the government of the world. In later times his very name came to stand for that sort of one-man authority,—the titles *Kaiser* and *Czar*, which have only lately been abolished, both mean the same as *Cæsar*.

In his own day there were Romans who felt that the "Cæsar" idea was dangerous to the true prosperity of a people. Some objected to it more for reasons of jealousy than for anything nobler. Some—like Brutus in the play—seriously felt that Cæsar's personal elevation to supreme power would ruin the high purposes of the nation. In those far-off times the conscience of even a clean, high-minded man might regard murder as a painful necessity rather than as a crime. It was so with Brutus. He and his friends killed Cæsar to prevent him from becoming the imperial ruler of Rome.

In Shakespeare's tragedy, another Roman, Mark Antony, is represented as asking leave of Brutus and the other authorities to make a speech to the people about their dead hero. This has been allowed on condition that he shall make it plain to the crowds how the assassination had a truly patriotic reason and motive. Mark Antony obeys so far as actual words go, but all the same he manages to rouse the people to passionate love

and loyalty for Cæsar, and to lead them into fierce revolt against those who cut short that marvellous career.

This is a part of what Mark Antony says, standing beside the body of his friend:—

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him. The evil that men do lives after them,—The good is oft interred with their bones; So let it be with Cæsar. . . . The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious; If it were so it was a grievous fault And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.

"Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest (For Brutus is an honorable man! So are they all, all honorable men!) Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral. He was my friend, faithful and just to me, But Brutus says he was ambitious, And Brutus is an honorable man.

"When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept; Ambition should be made of sterner stuff; Yet Brutus says he was ambitious, And Brutus is an honorable man.

"You all did see that on the Lupercal I thrice presented him a kingly crown Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke, But here I am to speak what I do know.

"You all did love him once,—not without cause;

What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason! . . . Bear with me; . . .

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar, And I must pause till it come back to me.

"But yesterday the word of Cæsar might Have stood against the world; now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters,—if I were disposed to stir Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honorable men; I will not do them wrong; I rather choose To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,

Than I will wrong such honorable men!

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. . . .

You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
Look! In this place ran Cassius' dagger
through!

See what a rent the envious Casca made!
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus
stabbed, . . .

And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed
it! . . .

This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors'
arms,

Quite vanquished him. Then burst his
mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar
fell.

Oh, what a fall was there, my country-
men!"

Men in the crowd, excited to fury by
Mark Antony's skilfully veiled attack on
Brutus and Cassius, begin to shout calls
for vengeance on the slayers of Cæsar.
The speaker continues, as if trying to
pacify them:—

"Good friends, sweet friends, let me not
stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honor-
able,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer
you.

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt
man,

That love my friend; and that they know
full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit nor words nor
worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of
speech

To stir men's blood. I only speak right
on;

I tell you that which you yourselves do
know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds,—poor,
poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me. But were I
Brutus,

And Brutus Antony,—there were an An-
tony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a
tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should
move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!"

NATURAL HISTORY.

A PET CHAMELEON.

I am a little chameleon. I would like
to tell you the story of my life.

I don't know where I was born, but I
think it must have been in the South,
for that is where most chameleons come
from. One day some one caught me and
fastened a collar around my neck and I
was brought, with many other chameleons,
to be sold at Barnum and Bailey's circus.
A Boy Scout came along and bought me
for thirty-five cents. He pinned me on his
coat and wore me to his home in Dor-
chester. He named me "Lizzie." But he
soon tired of me and gave me to another
boy named Elwyn. Elwyn took me home
and I lived on a plant-stand on a pleasant,
sunny piazza.

Soon, however, school closed and Elwyn
was going to the beach for the summer.
He could not take me, he had such a large
family of bunnies. Elwyn named me
"Peter." He packed me in a box covered
with mosquito-netting. I wondered where
I was going. He took me across the
street to a little girl named Margaret.
I have been with her ever since and it has
been just one year. The first time she
saw me I think she was rather afraid of
me. But after her father took me out of
the box, she took me in her hand. Mar-
garet named me "Lizzie Lizzard" and I
have been called "Lizzie" ever since. She
used to catch nice juicy flies and feed
them to me every day. I didn't like the
box and I used to squeeze through the
netting and run away three and four
times a day. After a while they didn't
bother to keep me shut up in my box,
but let me live on the plants in the bay-
window. Every night they would wrap
me in a little blanket and put me in my
basket in a nice warm place near the
register.

Two or three times I have run away
and hidden on the rattan sofa. How that
family did hunt for me! Margaret's
father was always very patient and would
hunt for me until he found me and put
me in my basket. I think Margaret's
mother is afraid of me, for she has never
touched me since I lived with them. When
she puts me in my basket she picks me
up with a spoon. One day I crawled
up the handle of the spoon and she
screamed right out. But I think she

likes me, because she is very kind to me. She feeds me every day, and I eat from a silver spoon. Of course there were no flies for me all winter, so I ate cake crumbs soaked in milk, sugar, and water, and whipped cream.

People should not be afraid of chameleons: they are very harmless. They have no teeth and no claws. They cannot scratch or bite. The only way we have to protect ourselves is camouflage,—that means that when we are on anything brown we turn brown, and when we are on plants we turn green.

I had a pleasant surprise this spring. I don't have to sleep in my basket any more. I sleep in a little brass bed, about five inches long. It used to belong to Margaret's doll. When they see my little head poking out of the blanket on that bed, they all laugh and say it is the cutest sight they have ever seen.—*Margaret La Rue, in the Beacon.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 1925 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge 40, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 48 letters and am a quotation from Shakespeare.

My 1, 7, 26, is dread.

My 10, 28, 27, 21, is earth.

My 3, 13, 33, 42, 48, are things that give light.

My 2, 32, 20, 46, 40, 45, is lonesome.

My 15, 5, 37, 25, is a pronoun.

My 22, 23, 38, 8, 35, 6, 14, are royal seats.

My 43, 19, 11, is a boy.

My 30, 16, 29, 17, 39, 9, is exposure to injury.

My 12, 24, 34, is to witness.

My 36, 41, is a possessive pronoun.

My 31, 44, 4, 18, 47, is a liquid.

—*Harper's Young People.*

II.

MAGAZINE GAME.

One hundred years.

Santa Claus.

An ancient minstrel.

Public place in Rome.

An early New England settler.

—*Selected.*

III.

SHAKESPEAREAN NIGHTMARE.

An actor dreamed that the characters he was to impersonate had transferred themselves from one play to another as follows: Caliban was in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; Shallow, in *Measure for Measure*; Elbow, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; Cloten, in *The Merchant of Venice*; Philo, in *The Tempest*; Iago, in *As You Like It*; Puck, in *Coriolanus*; Priam, in *Hamlet*; Touchstone, in *Cymbeline*; Shylock, in *Othello*; Banquo, in *Romeo and Juliet*; Cassius, in *Macbeth*; Mercutio, in *Antony and Cleopatra*; Junius Brutus, in *Julius Cæsar*; Bernardo, in *Troilus and Cressida*. Place the characters correctly in the plays named.

—*American Boy.*

IV.

LOGOGRIPH.

Complete, I am a useful covering for a roof; behead me and I am the result of the want of punctuality; again, and I am what you should have done at a meal; now transpose me, and leave a favorite drink.

—*Our Boys and Girls.*

V.

PIED WORDS.

I.

Two A's, two S's and a Q

Arranged just so with I and U

Will bring to sight for you and me

A most unpleasant kind of tree.

II.

One N, one I, two E's, one D,

One T, one S, one R, one P,

If shaken well, will greet your eye

As one whose place is very high.

{ *Youth's Companion.*

{ *The Beacon.*

The answers to puzzles in the April number will appear in the June number.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

Chairman of the Cheerful Letter Exchange,
Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way,
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Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange,
Mrs. Francis Hastings, Kendal Green, Mass.

Editor of The Cheerful Letter, Miss L.
Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer Street, Boston,
Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols,
25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of *The Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

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The music sent out by this department has in the past given much pleasure; and, now that there is more and more interest in "community singing" the calls for help may naturally be expected to be greater.

Offers and requests should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 35 East 30th Street, New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Avenue and 20th Street, New York City.

Pac. Unit. Sch. C